

... Ministerial Policy  
Rossie House destroyed by fire  
Death of Percy Bowman

M Teefy, Esq

The York Herald

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The York Herald

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THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage and Wagon MAKER, UNDERTAKER &c. &c. &c. Residence—Nearly opposite the Post Office, Richmond Hill. March 14, 1862, 172-y1

Poetry. BOYHOOD'S DAYS. BY FREDERICK WELLES.

And to look list'ning on the scatter'd leaves "While autumn winds were at their evening song; "These were my pastimes—" They spake of a bright and fairy land Far off in the golden west; Where the wild flowers bloom'd on the yellow sand, And spirits of air had rest,

For me had a holy charm, When the wither'd leaves sought their mossy tomb, In the autumn's twilight calm.

And as I gazed on the glorious light, That slept on the distant hills, And heard through the coming shades of night, The laugh of the leaping rills; The spirit sigh'd for the sun-bright land, That legends had pictured there; And oft-times touch'd by the wild-fancy's wand, "Would wing through the evening air.

Literature. PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST.

"O, mother, I am so tired!" The dew drops quivered like imperious diamonds upon the broad green plumes of the corn-field by the wayside; the grass that bent over the footpath was heavy with evening moisture, and the solitary old pine tree at the curve of the road upheld its black fringed arms against a sunset sky, where the ruddy crimson had long since faded into sombre gray.

"Cheer up, my child, we have not far to go. Come close, let me brush the dew from your curls.—Now take my hand." But the child hung back, sobbing with weariness and exhaustion; the pale young mother bending over her in the vain attempt to soothe the hysterical excitement, did not hear the rumble of advancing wheels until they passed close to her, and a rough, hearty voice exclaimed:—"What ails the little girl. Ain't she sick?"

"That is four miles off, and the little gal is pretty nigh used up already."

"I know it," said the woman, with a sigh, "but I have no money to hire a lodging nearer. In Breckton I hope to obtain work in the factory."

Farmer Raynesford gave the seat of his wagon a thump with the whip handle that made old Benny drop the mouthful of clover he was nipping from the roadside, and pricked up his ears in astonishment.

He drove rapidly along making occasional interjectional remarks to his horse, while Mrs. Ellsworth drew her thin shawl around the little golden head that already drooped drowsily upon her shoulders and thought with a deep sensation of gratitude upon the shelter heaven had provided her in her sorest strait.

"It was an oddly-shaped old farm house, gray with the storms of nearly half a century, with a broad door-stone, overhung by giant lilac bushes, and a kitchen where, even in the gloomy month of June a great fire roared up the wide throated chimney, and shining rows of tins winked and glittered at every upward leap of the flames."

Mr. Raynesford jumped out of the wagon, threw the reins over a post, and went in to conciliate his domestic despot.

"Look here, Hannah," said he to a tall, angular-looking female who emerged from a pantry near by, at the sound of his footstep, her face nearly or quite as sour as the saucer of pickles she was carving, "just set a couple more plates on the table, will you? I've brought home a woman and a little gal that I found a little piece below here, 'e'en 'a'most tired to death. They was calculating to walk on to Breckton, but I thought it wouldn't hurt us to keep 'em over night?"

"Here, little one, see if these berries don't put the color into your cheeks."

All the evening little Mary sat by the hearth, with her hands in her mother's, and her large blue eyes fixed earnestly upon the kind farmer's face.

"What are you thinking about, dearest?" asked Mrs. Ellsworth once. She drew a long sigh, and whispered: "O, mamma! he is so kind to us! The tops of the far off eastern woods were just being turned to gold by that wonderful alchemist, the rising sun, when Mary Ellsworth and her little girl set out upon the long walk to Breckton. Job Raynesford went with them to the gate, fumbling uneasily in his pocket, and glancing uneasily around, to make sure that Hannah was not within seeing distance."

"Don't say nothin'," muttered Job, with a sheepish air. "Ten dollars ain't much to me, and if you don't chance to get work in the factory right away it may be a good deal of use to you. Needn't thank me—you're as welcome as Mary!"

"Ten dollars!" ejaculated Mrs. Raynesford, who had witnessed this little episode from behind the curtains of her milk room window. "Is Job Raynesford crazy? To give ten dollars to a poor, strolling vagrant! If he don't get a piece of my mind!"

"She means well," he said to himself, when the valley of wrath had been discharged upon his luckless head, and Mrs. Raynesford had returned to her butter making, "but she got the greatest faculty for scoldin' of any woman I ever saw."

"I won't dery, Hannah," said the old man, "but that I've done a good many things I've been sorry for—we ain't none of us perfect, you know wife—but that is not one of them. No, I never for a moment repented being kind to the widow an' the fatherless."

stands and—"I told you how it would be long ago!" ejaculated Hannah, unable to restrain her vexation. What on earth ever possessed you to sign for Jesse Fairweather?"

"I supposed he was an honest man, and would not see an old friend wronged."

"Fiddlestick!" exclaimed Mrs. Raynesford. "That's just your calculation, Job! There—Zeke has brought the wagon; do start off, or you'll be too late for the New York train!"

"And Job meekly obeyed, only too happy to escape the endless discord of his wife's tongue."

The rays of the noonday sun streamed brightly through the stained glass casements of Mr. Everleigh's superb Gothic library. The room was decorated with every appurtenance of wealth and taste.—Velvet chairs with tall backs of dainty carved rosewood, were scattered here and there; marble vases occupied niches beside the doorway, and the rarest pictures hung on the walls. But the prettiest object of all—the one which the rich lawyer oftenest raised his eyes from his writing to contemplate with an involuntary smile of pride and affection—was a lovely woman, in a white cashmere morning robe, trimmed with white velvet, who stood opposite, arranging flowers in a bouquet. She wore a spray of berries, carved of pink Nepolian coral, at her throat, and tiny pendants of the same rare stone in her small shell-like ears, and the slender waist was tied round with a broad pink ribbon.

"There, Walter—isn't that pretty?" she asked, holding up her complete bouquet.

"Very pretty," he answered, looking not at the roses and geraniums, but directly at the blue eyes and golden curls of his young wife. "You are not even noticing it," she pouted.

they were utterly alone and desolate in the wide world. "But, my love, what has this to do with my business matters?" "Much, Walter; I am that little child."

"You my dearest?" "I, my husband; and the noble man who, I am persuaded, saved my life that night, stands yonder, with gray, bowed down head and sinking heart."

"Mary, you must be mistaken. I cannot be mistaken. Walter, I should know him amongst a thousand. You said you loved me this morning—now grant me one little boon!" "What is it, dearest?" "Give me that note he speaks of."

Mr. Everleigh silently went to a small ebony cabinet, unlocked it, and drew out a folded paper, which he placed in her hands. She glided up to the old man, who had been gazing out of the window in a sort of reverie, and laid her soft hand on his arm.

"Do you remember the little golden haired Mary whom you found with her mother weariod out upon the road-side twenty years ago?" "Do I remember her lady? It was but this very morning I was recollecting the whole scene!" "And don't you recognize me?" she asked, smiling up into her father's face, as she threw back the drooping curls. "I am little Mary!"

He stood in bewildered silence; all of a sudden the truth seemed to break upon him, and he laid his hands upon his head with a terrific blessing.

"And your mother, my child?" "She has been dead for years; but it is my dearest task to be the instrument of her gratitude. Here is the note you endorsed—my husband has given it to me. See!"

A small spirit lamp was burning in one of the niches, she held the bit of paper over its flames until it fell a cloud of light ashes on the floor. "Well!" Mrs. Raynesford met her husband at the door the instance his crutches sounded on the little gravel path. "Why don't you speak?" "Of course you know you have nothing but bad news to tell me, but I may as well hear it at once. Have you seen the gentleman? What did he say?" "Hannah!" said old Job Raynesford, slowly folding up his gloves, "do you remember the ten dollars I gave that poor young wanderer a score of years ago to-day?" "Why, of course I do; didn't I remind you of it not twelve hours since! What has that to do with our troubles, pray?" "Just this—to-day I received payment, principal and interest!" "What do you mean Job Raynesford?" "The little golden haired child that sat beside our hearthstone, that June evening, is Lawyer Everleigh's wife, and I have seen her burn the note that has hung like a millstone round my neck for many years.—She said it was not discharging a sacred debt of gratitude; but Heaven knows I looked for no such reward."